

Where I'm From

I am from striving to touch the clouds
swinging high, never reaching
but I still try

I am from running wild with my imagination
made up games, new personalities
laughing together, my cousins and me

I am from baking brownies, sweeping floors
setting tables and cleaning up
helping my mom when she needs me

I am from being a big sister
wagon rides, a big hill, a swing set on a sunny day
Band-Aids on scraped knees

I am from old TV shows
snuggled in bed
my pillow is fluffed and my covers are warm

I am from bus rides with my best friend
a shared seat and shared laughs
our creativity runs free

I am from long drives to Grandmama's house
telling stories and sharing about our days
all the way up the gravel driveway

I am from the legacy of my grandmothers
great and greater
I am an artist in the making

Where I'm From

I am from Mason jars,
sweet tea and blackberry thorns.
I am from coal dust off the conveyor,
putting food on the table and driving us mad.
I am from the apple tree in the backyard,
holding us up and shading our hearts.

I am from canning in the kitchen,
katydids and fireflies too.
I am from snuff chew'in,
gourd grow'in, and wrestl'in on the TV.

I am from the deer in the tree,
shotguns and Leave Us Alone!
I am from four wheel drive,
Stripper Pits and High Walls too.

I am from fried pies on Sunday,
Sit Up Straight! and fear of God.
I am from chicken and dumplings,
thumb pick'in and homemade wine.

I am from the quilt on my grandmother's bed,
mothballs in the closet and the garden out back.
I am from the sweet rain of summer,
trips to the Dairy Freeze and barefoot in the grass.

I am from drive all night,
bootleggers and love'in by the lake.
I am from Get Out of Here,
Make Something of Yourself!

I am all that was and all that will be.
I am the questions that I didn't ask,
callused hands long gone.
I carry them with me —
till death do us part.

Vicki K. Hairston
Greenville, KY
Muhlenberg County

Where I'm From

I'm from the wrong side of the tracks,
That carried the coal in a county that at one time
Was the world's largest producer, but they are no longer there.

I'm lived behind the school I attended twelve years, but due to
Progress it is now shuttered and empty.

I'm from parents who believed in hard work but not a lot of love and praise.
I'm two of two, different and distant.
I'm a coal miner's daughter, but have never been a coal miner's wife due to the bust.
I'm a mother, grandmother, believer, volunteer, employee, friend.
I have known grief for parents, grandparents, a best friend and a granddaughter.
I'm where I want to be, in this county where the sun rises in the Green and sets in
The Pond.

Vicki Whitaker Taylor
Central City, KY
Muhlenberg County

Where I'm From

I am from mountains,
from creeks and hollers.
I am from front porch sitting,
lightening bus, crawdads
and butchered hogs.
I am from the Willow tree,
the soft breezes and
the fog on the mountain.
I am from pop and bologna,
from Arthur and Altie.
I'm from preachers, Aunnies and give me sugars.
From in or out one and shut that door!
I am from bluegrass
and hymnals.
I am from Linefork
and Kingscreek,
lettuce and onions,
cornbread and beans.
From the warmth of
the pot-bellied stove
to homemade quilts.
I am from the yard of
Precious memories,
Voices of those long gone
Reminding us of a loving family
I am from those times.
I am from those people.
I am those memories.